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LETTER FROM INDIANAPOLIS.
INDIANAPOLIS, FEB. 4, 1868.

All history gives repeated instances
where political parties have "changed
base" and reversed their position at different
times on the same issue; but nowhere
can it be found that any party, on any is-
sue, ever changed so "radically" as the
Copperhead party of the present day. If
Gen. Jackson or Tom Benton were to rise
up from their graves and be confronted
with the principles of that party, they
would be utterly horrified, especially if it
should be insisted upon that the principles
of the latter-day Democracy were genuine.

In Jackson's and Benton's day specie
was considered the only sort of money fit
for the use and purposes of a circulating
medium among the people, and particularly
the members of the Democratic party.
Then the Democratic party asserted that
"hard money" was the only "constitu-
tional currency"; that the Federal Con-
stitution allowed and recognized nothing
else. Paper currency was out of the ques-
tion. There was no way to make it legal,
and the whole thing was constitutionally
impossible. It was never thought of by
the framers of the Government, never
dreamed of by them, unwarrantable, and
utterly repugnant and offensive to the
objects and purposes for which the Federal
Union was created.

But now! How is it now? Benton
declared that paper drove out specie,
and then paper died for the want of specie;
but paper—currency, currency, irre-
deemable and unconvertible paper—is the
cry of the Modern Democracy in this day!
More greenbacks—slathers of greenbacks!
—is proclaimed and demanded by every
Democratic Convention in the West! If
the Democratic party, in its better days
was distinguished for one thing more than
another, it was its firm and constant pos-
ition for "hard money." If there is one
issue distinguishable more than another
in the platform of the Democratic party of
to-day, it is the clamor for more paper
money! Such a radical change has no
precedent in history. Let us quote a few
words from Benton on the evils of uncon-
vertible paper money. He said:

"I do not go into the moral view of this
question. It is too obvious, too impres-
sive, too grave, to escape the observation
of any one. Demoralization follows in
the train of an unconvertible paper money.
The whole community becomes ex-
posed to a moral pestilence. Every indi-
vidual becomes the victim of some im-
position; and, in self defense, imposes upon
some one else. The weak, the ignorant,
the unfortunate, the necessitous, are the
gainers. The evil augments until the
ruin of the community, resulting
at the frightful accumulation of fraud and
misery, applies the radical remedy of total
reform."

Clearly, from this, the modern Demo-
crat has no business to quote Jacksonian
principles. Paper money is ruinous—
specie the only safety of the nation!—
That's Jacksonian Democracy. There is
no similarity in the doctrine of the two
parties. The Democrat who votes for
Hendricks and Edgerton, and yet thinks
he is carrying out the teachings of Jack-
son and Benton, will find himself in a
muddle, and the "victim of misplaced
confidence."

But observe what a "mud" the Demo-
crats are getting into by the advocacy of
inflation. They made a fair and square
fight, in the Eighth Congressional District
of Ohio, on this issue. What was the re-
sult? They were defeated. The history
of the party which they claim to have in-
herited was against them. The New York
Democracy was against them. The New
York Democrats did not want more green-
backs, nor did they desire to repudiate
the debt. But Pendleton & Co. said they
would go for more paper money, and
thereby carry the people with them. The
issue was fairly made—as fairly made be-
tween the Eastern and Western Demo-
crats as between anybody else—and they
went squarely to the wall on it. The En-
quirer Printing Company of Cincinnati
issued beautiful greenback bills with Pen-
dleton's bust on them, and circulated them
broadly. Thurman and others canvassed
the battle-ground faithfully and earnestly,
but all to no purpose—the Republi-
cans triumphed! And now behold the
"pickle!" The N. Y. World, the highest
Democratic authority, in commenting on
the result of that election, says: "The
first and most obvious inference from Gen.
Beatty's election is, that Mr. Pendleton's
financial policy did not contribute to
Democratic success."

Here is the Western Democracy "laid
out" completely. The history of the party
is against them, and the Eastern
portion of their present organization piled
on top of that. What can a party expect
to accomplish against the history and the
bulk and brains of its own organization?

That the Republicans should have suc-
ceeded in the recent election in the Dis-
trict named, in Ohio, is quite natural.—
The Republican party is the father of the
greenbacks and of the present financial
measures before the country; and if the
people demanded any further expansion
or change in the measures named, it was
to the party in power to whom they should
present their demands and ask for reforms.
Why the Copperheads presumed the peo-
ple were such fools as to look to them for
reforms, is beyond the understanding of
ordinary intellect. They placed them-
selves in the position of would-be reform-
ers, and the people showed their full ap-
preciation of such disinterested conduct
by voting largely against them. The re-
sult ought to satisfy the Copperhead party.

"IN BAD TASTE."

The editor of the American expresses
his opinion in the issue of the 31st ult.
that it is "bad taste" in us to say that Mr.
Julian has it in his power to elect or de-

The Indiana American.

"THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS."

VOL. 7, NO. 71

BROOKVILLE, IND., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1868.

[WHOLE NO. 320.]

HIGH JINKS ON SKATES.

Everywhere, in all sorts of newspapers,
I had read of glorious skating fun—of cen-
tral Park skating, Schuylkill and Schuyl-
kill Park—Diamond ditto—privatized to—
the grand fun—men on skates, boys on
skates; sylphides in scant skirts, steel-shod,
and skirting away over the ice—the—the—
—thunder! the very reading gave me the
ice fever, and in the delirium consequent
upon the sudden attack, I resolved on tak-
ing an ice cruise myself.

Why not? What was to hinder? I had
never navigated that sort of craft, 'tis true.
But then I'd been on the water, and un-
der water, all my life—and on ice, too,
some. Hadn't I killed scale and chased
white bears, for weeks together, on ice?

Women could skate—so the papers said.
So did everybody else when I inquired
of 'em. I could skate! What was the rea-
son I could not? The only thing I'd ever
seen women do that I couldn't, was to
hook her own dress aft, and carrying six
breath of sail through a twenty inch
doorway. Yes, sir—I could skate; and I
was bound on an ice cruise.

There was nothing to prevent the expedi-
tion from being fitted out at once. I was
lounging about the Navy Yard, detached
from everything, all acquaintances included
waiting orders. Disgusted with bar-
rooms, detesting theaters, what was I to
do for amusement? Why, skate, of course!
Ah, yes! the very thing, by Jove! Why
hadn't I thought of that before? I'll have
a cruise directly, or sooner, if possible—
No—I must have tools first, and started
up town to find 'em.

I brought up in front of a big window,
on the starboard side of Chestnut Street,
going towards Schuylkill, where they had
more different rigs of sliding machines
than you can see on national flags in Giral-
lar. Knowing about as much of the qual-
ifications of the different patterns as a cow
does of chronometer time, went inside and
asked for a pair of skates.

"What kind do you prefer, sir?"
"Oh, I have no preference. Give me
the best you have."

"Yes, sir," and the clerk passed over for
inspection a pair of brass-clad steel clip-
pers, with more pilgins and running rig-
ging 'em than there is to a French
sloop of war.

"These are the best, are they?"
"Yes—decidedly! Just get on to them,
sir, and you'll get everywhere and any-
where, like a patent lightning! If you don't
find it so, bring 'em back, sir, and I'll
refund your money."

"What's the price?"
"Fourteen dollars. Very cheap, sir."

"Didn't believe that, of course; but in-
vested the amount, and made sail for Fair-
mount."

Found superb skating. Everybody said
no—only those that had called it elegant!
Splendid! magnificent! There was a regim-
ent of men, a battalion of dainty, and a
whole brigade of small craft, on skates,
where, by the patent lightning, all sorts
of fancies on the ice, everybody laughing,
chattering, whooping, skylarking and skit-
tering in all directions! And I don't won-
der newspapers and everybody else called
it glorious fun.

"Have your skates strapped, sir," said an
itinerant boot-black, about the height of a
walking-stick.

"Do you understand it, Bub?"
"Oh, yes, sir! I strap all the ladies' for
'em."

"Ah, ha! Do, oh? Must have a jolly
time of it! Would like the berth myself.
There you are. Go ahead boy! and I sat
down on blackie's box, about a couple of
fathom's out on the ice.

Wix-like a rocket, went by the burial
strapping, long-legged chap, with a cigar
dying jibboom, and swinging his arms
like a frigate's headdress in a hurricane,
with braces all adrift.

"Oh, ho! So they can smoke on skates
—he boy?"
"Lord, yes, sir! Everybody smokes
on ice."

"Exactly." And so I fired upon a prin-
ciple and shipped it for the cruise.

Urbain announced skates all afloat;
and took a fifty cent "fractional" fee.

"Here boy—here's another fifty.
Just allow me to sit on your box a few
minutes, till I get the run of the naviga-
tion."

"Yes sir—you can set there till I get
somebody else to strap."

So I sat there studying ice navigation
by dead reckoning, till directly a little pet-
ticoat craft, in yellow trowsers, skirts to
her knees, red belt Russian cap, and arms
skimo, swooped down, and checked up
in front of me. There she lunged for a
minute, quivering like, and balancing,
just as a fish hawk does over his prey; and
all the time eyeing me with a dancing
twinkle of her jolly black eyes.

"A challenge for a race, sir! Catch me
if you can!"

Little Dimity lifted her left foot a tri-
fle bent right knee slightly, and made a
graceful curve, the bottom of her skirt
just brushing my nose, and off she went
like a flying fish—zee-zee-zee!—swinging
from side to side, her tartan skirt swing-
ing hither and thither, like the folds of a
spanker brailled in with the shiphead to
the wind.

"So, ho! That's a challenge, is it? and
that's the way to skate? Thunder! I can
skate! Anybody can skate!"

"I say, Mister Saltwater, couldn't yer
lift yerself a-skip a bit, so we can sail
between yer legs, piped a young scamp
file leader to twenty juvenile skaters."

"Don't try to skate on both feet at once,
my dear sir! advised a sensible Christian
looking man, who came to my assistance
and set me on an even keel once more."

"When you lift one foot sir, you must
throw all your vigor and muscle into the
other limb. And then remember to sway
your body, so that your weight will always
be on that foot which hits the ice. 'Tis
very easy, sir—just this way!" and away
went my Christian mentor, with a long,
striding graceful swing.

"O, yes, that's very easy. All the vigor
in the other limb. Yes, I can do it. So
I made a prodigious scud and—like it.

I stuck out left leg, and—like a mosquito
when he's blood sucking. Put all my vigor
and muscle into the right limb, and—
couldn't get it out again. Went off on
one foot like a shot; croaked right knee
ice a minute, just as little Dimity did.
Saw a crinoline craft crossing my course
under convoy of a big double backed
craft, both skating like a car. Tried
to sheer to port and go clear of 'em.
Missed stays, and went about of crinoline.
The toe of my port skate hooked Miss
Somebody's skirt, which gave me a broad
side to starboard, and I rammed big
convoy, butting him square in his cut-
water, and drove the fine end of Prince
slap down his throat. There was an
everlasting tangle, and all hands went
sprawling on the ice like a nest of Leucaga
leaves.

"Look here! what do you mean! yell-
ed the big convoy, scrambling to his feet,
and maneuvering for a broadside.

"Beg pardon, sir. I couldn't help it! I
replied meekly, sitting on the ice.

"Couldn't help it? Why didn't you
stop?"

"Didn't know how."

"O, hol green on skates, eh?"
"Yes, greener'n a cabbage!"

That modified the big chap and setting
me on my pins again, he volunteered to
educate me in checking up.

"Oh, yes, I can do that," and I did di-
rectly. "Off I shot again on one leg; steer-
ing this time for the shore—for I'd skated
enough."

Half way in, and there slid right down
in my course a crowd of forty or so—girls
and men, and women and boys. I tried
"down brakes," according to instructions;
and broke too much. Up toes and dig-
ging my heels into the ice. I segged
back like, and doubled myself up, as if I
was going to take a cent—and I did, went
down stern foremost, and with a whang that
broke the ice like a pane of window glass
showered by a rebel bullet through it.

I had an idea just then, that such a
bump as that would have started the armor
of any iron clad afloat.

I sold those infernal skates just as I
sat, for four dollars, under a strong con-
viction that there's no fun in skating.
Tis all a humbug. I can't skate—I don't
want to.

Cheering Prospects.

From all parts of the State where Coun-
ty Conventions have been held, prelimi-
nary to the Republican State Convention,
we have the unvarying report of large
attendance, harmony and enthusiasm.

The Union hosts sent the battle afar,
and recognizing the old enemy—seeing
the bisected pedals beneath the stolen
rod of Republican greenbacks—they are
preparing to meet him with such improved
arms as shall insure his defeat even
more easily and more signally than in
former contests.

The Democracy propose
to engage us with their old weapons,
"Sunday School Book" batteries, "mam-
moth" with a cunningly devised and decep-
tive foliage; but the true instinct of pa-
triotism will readily detect the leaves of
the Butternut, and well aimed projectiles
from magazines which their own political
crimes have placed in our hands, will
drive them back to the untenable lines
where they have been accustomed to de-
feat.

The State Convention bids fair to be
largely attended by the live, working men
of the Union party from every county in
the State. We trust that in most cases
the delegates will be untrammelled by
"instructions," left free to act for the best
interests of the State and the party, to
modify preconceived opinions or adopt
new suggestions as the immediate cir-
cumstances—which no County Convention
can foresee—may require. A delegate
who is fit to be sent to such a convention
at all, is, in our opinion, qualified to re-
present the interests of his constituents
without being tied down to arbitrary
"instructions." And besides, it is impos-
sible for any county convention to pre-
determine what action may be necessary
on that occasion as it was for Scott in
Washington, to direct McDowell's army
in the "first Bull Run," or for the plebe-
ian genius (?) of Major General Henry
Wagner Halleck to order the movements
of Rosecrans' army during the three days
of battle at Stone River from his cozy
cushions in the War Department.—Terra
Haute Express.

Death.

"There is but a breath of air and a beat
of the heart betwixt this world and the
next. And in the brief interval of pain-
ful and awful suspense, while we feel that
death is present with us, that we are pow-
erless and the all powerful, and the faint
pulsation here is but the prelude of end-
less life hereafter, we feel in the stunning
calamity about to befall us, that the earth
has no compensation good enough to miti-
gate the severity of our loss. But there is
no grief without some beneficent pro-
vision to soften its intensity. When the
good and lovely die, the memory of their
good deeds, like the moonbeams on the
stormy sea, light up our darkened
hearts and lead to the surrounding gloom
a beauteous so, so sweet, that we would
not if we could dispel the darkness that
surrounds it."—Geo. D. Prentice.

THE OHIO DEMOCRACY.

A Split Among the Faithful—Manifesto
from Vallandigham.

The Dayton Ledger (Vallandigham's
organ) has the following article in its issue
of January 20th:

Col. Barnabas Burns has been chosen
for Representative in Congress, from the
Eighth District, by a majority of 829, a
Republican gain since October, of 582.

This is the first gun of the Presidential
campaign of 1868, and indicates a Republi-
can majority next fall, in Ohio, of from
twenty to twenty thousand. Deploring the
causes which arrested the tide of Democratic
victory in this State, and trusting that the
day may come some time, when politicians
will learn that the people will have their
own way somehow or other, in this coun-
try; and that they demand strong and hon-
est, and earnest men and measures; and
that the true secret of political success is
direct antagonism, and not "fighting shy,"
commonly called "policy," we shall labor
zealously to avert the calamity. The result
in the Eighth District has, too, a most im-
portant bearing on the Presidential nomi-
nation in the Democratic party.

In the above several aspects it is sug-
gestive, and we propose to comment upon
it accordingly, in plain, but well consid-
ered terms. After the disastrous "policy"
defeat of 1860, a campaign in which the
exclusion of Vallandigham was to be the
sure pledge of victory—we go no further
back at present—the true men of the Ohio
Democracy determined to start afresh on
the old Democratic line, and begin by
holding the State Convention on the time
honored Eighth of January. This propo-
sition met with bitter hostility from the
"policy" men of that day, and they came
to Columbus on the 8th of November,
1866, and into the conference, fully orga-
nized and determined to defeat it. Yet af-
ter a long and excited debate, one by one
they retired, leaving the field to the sound
and bold men of the party; only one re-
maining to fight against the Eighth, and that
by a gentleman who is now a delegate at large
to the Presidential Convention.

The State Convention met on the 8th of
January, 1867; perhaps the roughest Con-
vention ever assembled in Ohio; out of the
three hundred and odd "State Sovereigns"
or "Corry men," so-called, sixty-seven
were members of it. Mr. Corry was him-
self a delegate from Hamilton county,
and Vallandigham, the "odious," was
Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions.
Of "Corry men" there were none, that
animal being as yet only "in posse," as the
lawyers say, and very few of those who
composed the recent State Convention
were present. Many believed the Demo-
cratic party to be "dead," and were not
even willing to contribute to the expenses
of its funeral, nor to attend it, nor even
to the funeral of the funeral barked words.
One of them, now also a delegate at large, ac-
cused, no doubt, upon his declaration, made
on the 7th of August, 1861, during the
war, that "It was no time to be holding
Democratic Conventions." But there were
many who thought that the party was not
dead, but only sleeping; that cowardice and
want of energy in the "leaders," so called,
had affected it with a political syncope of
the heart; and that all it needed for vital-
ity and victory was the energizing influence
of the honesty and courage of the Demo-
cratic masses, and accordingly upon prin-
ciple, to a larger extent than ever before,
if indeed, not fully, the Democratic party
went into the campaign. The organization
and committees were in the hands of those
who then made a boast that they were
among the "sound men" of the party, and
efficient work was done accordingly. The
Democratic masses were stirred up; and
the "odious" Vallandigham went every-
where, with immense audiences, largely
Republican, to greet him, and "labeled
the party" by contributing his full share
to the large Democratic gains wherever he
went, and well understood by all to be a
candidate for the United States Senate.
After a most enthusiastic, straight-tied,
straight forward, honest, "square-toed"
fight, the Republican majority in the
"policy" year 1866, of 42,000, was re-
duced to 2,909 on Governor, and a Demo-
cratic Legislature elected.

It was emphatically a victory of the
Democratic masses, because the hearts of
the people were in it. But no sooner was
the election over, than for a particular
purpose, the cry went forth from a certain
class of men all over the State, "We must
now look to 'policy' we must be careful
to consult the prejudices of the Republi-
cans and 'Conservatives'; we must not
drive off the new converts; we need more
Republican voters; the election of Vallan-
digham as Senator will injure the party;"
we must take some less obnoxious man."
Through the machinery of the State Cen-
tral and Executive Committees the work
was accordingly done. The Democratic
members of the Legislature were industri-
ously stuffed with the idea of "policy," and
that the entire success of the Democracy
in Ohio and elsewhere, in 1868, depended
on the defeat of that "pestiferous" fellow
Vallandigham. The Convention of the
8th of January, 1868, was attended by
men, some of whom never before met in a
Democratic Convention, and by others who
had been absent during the twelve years
of Democratic defeat, but who now turned
up like vultures and cormorants hovering
over the spoils. At this Convention, through
the basest of treachery, the entire
control of the Democratic organization
was handed over bodily, upon certain con-
ditions, relating to certain nominations
for higher places, to the men who in 1863,
in the great battle for free speech, free
ballot, refused to support the Democratic
nomination for Governor that year. From
President of the Convention down to mi-
nor officers and chairmen of committees,
nearly every man who figured conspicu-
ously in that body, was one apparently se-
lected because he had either refused to sup-
port the Democratic ticket in 1863, or had
been an avowed member of the Republi-

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can party during the war. The Demo-
cratic party of Ohio was thus, for certain
considerations, and on condition of "con-
sistency" to certain high-contrast "people
men" delivered over the control of those
who had forsaken or betrayed us during
the ordeal of the war. A platform, too,
emanated of every distinctive old
fashioned Democratic principle, as dis-
tinguished from mere line of policy, and,
for the first time, constituting a quasi in-
dorsement of the late civil war as one
waged "in defense of the Union," (a well
known "public falsehood") was repudiated
by the remnants of 1863, and adopted.
And two days after the Con-
vention, Colonel Barnabas Burns was nomi-
nated for Representative in Congress for
the Eighth District. He, too, had refused
to support the nominee for Governor in
1863, and more than that, had attempted
to organize a "bolting" State Convention
at Columbus on the 4th of September of
that year, to nominate a Democratic can-
didate in opposition to Mr. Vallandigham
for Governor. He was the very man for
the times.

On the 13th of January, 1866, Mr.
Vallandigham was defeated in the Demo-
cratic caucus for Senator, by means al-
located to above, but not necessary further
just now expose.

Immediately afterward Mr. Jewett,
Colonel McCook, Mr. Meek and others who,
like Colonel Burns, had refused to support
the Democratic nominee for Governor in
1863, along with Senator Thurman, were
posted to "stamp" the District; and they
did it, the Senator elect doing some ser-
vice. Money, too, was sent by applicants
to higher places and their friends, to aid
and comfort one of the "parties" of the
second party. The result of all this was
the usual fruit of "policy" at the sacrifice
of principle and the men who sustain
principle—a great Republican victory, and
Republican gain of 582 over an honest
anti-"policy" people's campaign in Octo-
ber last.

And now a question or two. How many
votes would Vallandigham's election to
the Senate have "driven off" from the
Democratic party in the Eighth District?
How many Republican voters did Thur-
man's election "drive off" to the Demo-
cratic party? What has "policy" done for
us again? And is the Presidential elec-
tion to be sacrificed to the same infame
clamor and "arrangement"? Are politi-
cians or the people to rule hereafter in
Ohio? Is the project of redistricting the
State for Congressional purposes to be de-
feated, and five or six Democratic Repre-
sentatives in Congress to be lost, lest by
possibility, and contrary to his desire and
his plans for the future, a certain "odious"
person might profit by it? One thing all
men may depend upon—political offices
like those in the moral and religious
world, never fail to bring with them their
just penalty, sometimes sooner, sometimes
later. The mills of the gods grind at in-
tervals, both fast and slow. Justice may
be, as the ancients fabled her, both blind
and halt, yet she is now and then sudden
and springing; while the winged daughter
of Oceanus and Nux, riding upon the
steep javelin in hand, never leaves long
unbalanced the scale of human wrong.

Franklin's Wife.

To promote her husband's interests, she
attended his little shop, where she bought
rag, sewed pamphlets, folded newspapers,
and sold the few articles in which he dealt,
such as ink, papers, lamp-black, blanks,
and other stationery. At the same time
she was an excellent housekeeper, and be-
sides being economical herself, taught her
somewhat careless, disorderly husband to
be economical also. Sometimes Franklin
was clothed from head to foot in garments
which his wife had both woven and made
and for a long time she performed all the
work of the house without the assistance
of a servant.

Nevertheless she knew how to be liberal
at proper times. Franklin tells us that
for some years after his marriage, his break-
fast was bread and milk, which they ate
out of a two penny earthen vessel, with a
pewter spoon; one morning on going
down to breakfast, he found upon the table
a beautiful china bowl from which his
bread and milk was steaming, with a silver
spoon by its side which had cost a sum
equal in our currency to ten dollars. When
he expressed his astonishment at this un-
usual splendor, Mrs. Franklin only re-
marked that she thought her husband
deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as
much as any of his neighbors.

Franklin prospered in his business
until he became the most famous editor
and flourishing printer in America, which
gave him the pleasure of relieving his
wife from the cares of business and en-
abled him to provide for her a spacious
and well furnished house. She scorned a
high station as well as she had borne a
lowly one, and presided at her husband's
liberal table as graciously as when he ate
his breakfast of bread and milk from a two
penny bowl.

A Beautiful Thought.

The sea is the largest of all cemeteries,
and its slumberous sleep without num-
bers. All other graveyards in all other
lands, show some distinction between the
great and small, the rich and poor, but in
the ocean cemetery the king and the clown
the prince and the peasant are alike undis-
tinguished. The same waves roll over all—
the same requiem by the ministrals of
the ocean sung to their honor. Over their
remains the same storm beats and the
same sun shines, and there unmarked,
the weak and powerful, the plumed and
the unadorned, will sleep on until
awakened by the same trumpet.

The attempt to start an asylum for use-
less young men failed, as no building
could be constructed large enough.

Why is a husband like a Mississippi
steamboat? Because he never knows how
soon he may get a blowing up.